

## Garotte

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# Garotte

by [Hisvoicebrokemyheart](#)

## Summary

Hannibal never could have prepared himself for such a misstep. Will Graham was never supposed to die, least of all by Tobias' hand.

## Notes

Yay! Day 2 of Whumptober, and this time it's all about Hannibal :) Like I said this month is truly a multifandom experience so buckle up and enjoy the ride 🎢

Two things crossed Hannibal's mind when he sat alone in his office waiting for emergency services to arrive. First, was how he was going to explain away two dead men in his office to the FBI. Second, was that beyond his own control — he had killed Will Graham.

He never could have prepared himself for such a misstep. Will Graham was never supposed to die, least of all by Tobias' hand. Hannibal wanted more for him. He dared to consider the possibility of the special agent as a life partner. An anger roiled deep in his gut. How could he have been so careless?

Medical personnel came through his open office door, in addition to two police officers. Hannibal dropped his head into his hands. He wanted to say it was all an act, but he hadn't felt this unmoored in years. He was barely holding it together.

They poked and prodded at him. He let the EMT assess his injuries, but declined any further care. He could feel where a bead of blood had dried up on his cheek.

Police asked him essential questions regarding Tobias and Franklyn, stating that the FBI were en route to follow up with their ongoing investigation.

Jack's own questioning was relentless upon his arrival. Hannibal was glad to have had his moment alone to prepare. He wanted to know everything there was to know about Tobias — personal information that Hannibal was never given. Jack's irritation was more than palpable. Hannibal had never seen him fly off the handle quite like this.

Eventually Jack abandoned him to question his forensic team on site. Ms. Katz looked a little more strung out than usual but still composed enough to do her job as asked. Hannibal wondered if anyone even knew. They were all much too calm to know that they'd lost their biggest asset. Hannibal dug the tip of his pointer finger into a cut on his thigh to drive himself away from that train of thought.

He wanted nothing more than to return to the quiet of his home and hide away from this twisted reality.

"Mr. Graham." A frantic voice filtered in from the hall.

"For fuck's sake, I'm fine!" Will sounded more than disgruntled, dismissing a new EMT behind him. He tore away into Hannibal's office, shaking off the hand that reached for him.

In the moment that it took for Hannibal to recognize Will's voice for what it was, all the errant tension building between his shoulders melted away.

Hannibal watched as Will took in the state of the room, the methodical sweep of his gaze across it steady until he got an eye on him. He wondered if this was the first time Will could truly get a read on him. The walls surrounding the fortress of his memory palace were brittle and bruised.

Will briefly stopped in his tracks. They were locked on to one another, both men having prepared for the worst outcome to this nightmare. Hannibal took note of the wide bandage

that nearly wrapped all the way around Will's neck and fought a chill brought on by the implication of it.

Will broke free from his reverie and moved to Hannibal's side with no hesitation.

"Hannibal." Will kneeled beside him, pushing at the swivel chair so Hannibal could face him head on.

Hannibal worked to speak around the lump in his throat.

"I thought you were dead."

Voicing his fears nearly shattered him.

Will touched his throat with flighty fingertips.

Hannibal wanted more than anything to look into Will's face at that moment but couldn't drag his eyes away. Instantly, having also faced Tobias' attack, he knew what had been done to Will.

"I almost did," Will chuckled. There was no humor in it. "I could feel the wire of his garotte cut in as I went to pull the trigger. I just barely made my mark and hit his ears. I don't want to think about what would have happened if I missed."

Hannibal reached up to brush at the bandage himself. His nails caught on the tape at the very edge. He pinched at it with a halfhearted tug.

"Sir!"

Will sharply raised a hand to stop the EMT in their tracks, keeping the other on Hannibal's knee. There were no further protests as Hannibal continued to gently pull at the surgical tape holding Will's bandage in place.

He peeled away the thick layer of protection and revealed the sharp line of a red, angry cut. It ran from the left side of Will's Adam's apple, across it, and around to the back of his neck. Fresh blood welled up where the wound failed to clot, and Hannibal wanted nothing more than to taste the very essence of him from the source.

"I almost lost you," Hannibal whispered to him. Will had closed his eyes, barely breathing against the attention of Hannibal's fingers. He was afraid to break whatever this gentle moment had become. The chaos of the rest of the office failed to reach them, completely ignored.

There was something in Hannibal's voice that shook Will. What the psychiatrist didn't know was that Will feared the same things, only he was lucky enough to have Jack funnel information to him over the phone regarding Hannibal's safety. The sting of Hannibal's finger being boldly drawn over the center of the cut on his neck had him snap back to attention. They were a pair that would not so easily be separated.

"Never."



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